C-221-54

Northern Messenger

Wm Bronscombe 30 Oct 06

VOLUME XLI. No. 20 MONTREAL, MAY 18, 1906. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

A MERCHANTMAN SEEKING GOODLY PEARLS.

Christ's Story About a Pearl.

We often see pearls in jewellers' shops, sparkling and shining among other precious stones, and perhaps we may have thought, 'Oh, I wish I was a jeweller, to own all these fine things.'

But the jeweller only buys to sell again. He is a merchantman. Did you ever hear the little story told by the Lord Jesus abopt a merchantman? Here it is:—

tle story told by the Lord Jesus about a merchantman seeking goodly pearls, who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it.'

I suppose the merchantman had a great many little pearls; but he was willing to sell them, yes, and everything he had, to buy that large one, which was so much more valuable. What does the story mean? It means something for you and me. You are like that merchantman.

I? I never tried to buy a pearl in my life.' Perhaps not; but you are seeking after something to make you happy, are you not?

We all desire things which we think will make us happy; but when, as sometimes happens, we obtain them, there is almost always something to destroy the happiness which we expected.

But there is one thing which will make us really happy, because it will satisfy us, and because we shall never get tired of it. What is it? what can it be? It is this pearl of great price of which Jesus spoke in His little story.

What can that pearl be?

Why, it is Jesus Himself, and nobody and nothing else. He only can make us truly happy. Without Him for your Friend and Saviour, you may have everything beautiful around you, and have every wish gratified, and yet be discontented and miserable. With Him as your Saviour and Friend, you may be poor and afflicted, and yet be happy.

Oh, then, go and seek Him, go and find Him; go with a humble, earnest, penitent spirit, and ask Him to forgive your sins and bless you.

'Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh, make me love Thee more and more.'

—'Friendly Greetings.'

The Minister's Resignation.

'Let me see,' said Miss Eleanor Banks, on the first afternoon of her visit to her aunt at Farmington village, 'didn't you write to me last winter that your minister had resigned?'

'I guess perhaps I did,' was the reply, in a somewhat absent-minded tone.

'It seems to me that I got the impression from your letter that the resignation did not cause universal regret,' suggested the niece, after waiting a moment for her aunt to enlarge upon the theme.

'Maybe you did,' said the old lady, who was apparently absorbed in learning how hard it may be for a thread to pass through the eye of a needle.

Presently she added, with the manner of one who, after all, is not quite willing to let the subject drop. 'There were some of the people who thought that Mr. Pease had kind of lost his usefulness.'

'He had been here a long time, hadn't he?' asked her niece.

'Yes, that was just it. Mr. Pease had been here going on thirty years; and as you might say, we'd got him learned by heart. We always knew what he was going to say next, and it's no use denying that he was getting to be rather dry in the pulpit. I didn't mind it so much myself, but your Uncle Andrew did, and that was worse. The preaching I could stand, but what with that of a Sunday, and Andrew's talking on about it all the rest of the week, I was beginning to get about beat out myself.

'Every now and then somebody would come around and want him to speak to the minister about resigning. Of course, if anything of consequence is to be done in the parish, it is always your Uncle Andrew that has to go ahead with it. They would argue that Mr. Pease was comfortably off, and his wife had property besides, and so it would be no hardship for him to step aside.

'But Andrew couldn't make up his mind to do it, so things went along, with the society fast running to seed, when all of a sudden, and without any help from anybody, the minister did resign.

'Well, I presume a good many felt to rejoice, but I guess nobody was quite so tickled as Andrew. For a few days it seemed as if he could not do enough to show how kind of grateful he was.

'He did the papering and painting that I had been at him about for two years, and he bought a new parlor carpet that I hadn't so much as asked for. Then he took it into his head that we must get up a farewell reception to the minister.

'Well, all the folks seemed to fall in with

that idea, and if you'll believe me, they raised a hundred dollars in gold for a parting gift.

'Of course there was a general invitation to the reception, and we had to hold it in the town hall. Well, after we had all shaken hands with the minister and his wife, Andrew came up front and made the presentation speech.

'I do wish you could have heard him! Of course your uncle is gifted in speech, but I guess he surprised himself that night. Yet he didn't say anything but the truth Mr. Pease had been a faithful minister—one that had visited the widow and fatherless in their affliction, and been helpful in sickness, and stood by us all in trouble, and tried to comfort us when we buried our dead.

'But it was wonderful the way your Uncle Andrew worked all those good things Mr. Pease had done into his speech. It took hold of us more and more as he went along, until by the time he got through, and handed over the hundred dollars in gold to the minister, about everybody in the hall was having a good hard cry.

'As for Mr. Pease, he could hardly speak at first. But when he found his voice I guess what he said made full as much impression as Andrew's talk.

'He said that he had been simply amazed at the feeling that had been manifested, and it led him to think that perhaps he had been hasty in the step he had taken. Perhaps it was his duty, after all, to spend the rest of his days as the pastor of his dear flock. He went on in that way for a while, and finally he asked all those who desired him to withdraw his resignation to rise.

'Well, there were some queer looks went over a good many faces, but in a minute all those that hadn't been standing before got up from their seats.

'There was to have been other exercises after the presentation. Adelaide Tinkham had written a poem appropriate to the occasion as she had expected it to be, but she slipped around to Andrew and told him not to call on her.

'And the choir had been rehearsing a very handsome song for a week, but it was all about parting, and they wouldn't sing it. When they were called on they whispered together for a while, and then announced that they would sing "Blest be the tie that binds," and they requested all present to join.

'Then we partook of our refreshments, and the reception broke up.'

'So you still have the same minister,' said Eleanor, with a smile.

'Why, yes, in one sense we do. But, really, Mr. Pease has seemed like a new man ever since. It's wonderful how that reception seemed to freshen him up. He preaches a new sermon almost every Sunday, and the whole parish seems to be alive again. As for your Uncle Andrew, you'd think to hear him talk there was nobody like Mr. Pease. You see, he's bound to stand by that presentation speech. So in one sense, I suppose, we've got our change, after all.'—F. E. C. R. Robbins, in the 'Youth's Companion.'

Love Blossoming Too Late.

There is a great host of weary men and women, toiling on through life toward the grave, who most sorely need just now the cheering words and helpful ministries which we can give. The incense is gathering to scatter about their coffins, but why should it not be scattered in the hard paths on which their feet to-day are treading? The kind words are lying in men's hearts unexpressed, trembling on their tongues unvoiced, which will be spoken by and by when these weary ones are sleeping; but why should they not be spoken now, when they are needed so much and when their accents would give such cheer and hope? The flowers are growing to strew on their graves, but why not cut them now to brighten lives and dark paths?

Many a good man goes through life plain, plodding, living obscurely yet living a true, Christian life, doing many a quiet kindness to his neighbors and friends, yet seldom hearing a word of commendation or praise. The vases, filled with the incense of affection, are kept sealed. The flowers are not cut from the stems. One day you stand by his coffin and there are enough kind things said to brighten every hour of his life, if only they had been said at the right time. There are enough flowers piled upon his casket to have kept his chamber filled with fragrance all through his years, if only they had been sent day by day. How his heavy heart would have thanked God if, in the midst of his toils, burdens and struggles, he could have heard a few of the words of affection and approval that are now wasted on ears that hear them not! How much happier he would have been in his weary days if he had known how many generous friends he had! But, poor man! he had to die before the appreciation could express itself. Then the gentle words spoken over his cold form he could not hear. The love blossomed out too late.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Turn Us O Lord.

Turn us, O Lord, and so shall we be turned,
Into the path that leads from night to day;
Turn Thou our feet to walk, 'mid toil and pain,
The better way.

Turn us, O Lord, and so shall we be turned,
From earthly things that draw our hearts from Thee.
That we may learn, e'en through our blinding tears,
Thy grace to see.

Turn us, O Lord, and so shall we be turned,
From sins that lie along our daily path.
That we may do, with willing hands, the work,
That each day hath.

Turn us, O Lord, and so shall we be turned,
Into the path that each must tread alone.
Until our trembling footsteps pause for rest,
Before Thy Throne.

—Helen Woodward Pratt, in 'Living Church.'

Counting for More Than One

A woman whose home duties were insistent was bewailing her comparative uselessness when it came to church work or indeed any work outside of her own home. 'I go to church—when I can,' said she rather ruefully. 'Even then all I can do is to count for one. I can't do anything.' The wise woman who was listening answered of her wisdom: 'Nobody ever counts for just one; you count for everybody you can influence. One is a force and centre of power in proportion to the number of people he can influence. Count for one, indeed. I happen to know that you counted for six people last Sunday. It was rainy, you know, and we were all in slippers and easy-gowns, John and I and all three of the girls. "There," said I, as you passed the window, "if that woman can manage to get her work out of the way and go this rainy morning, I won't listen to any excuses from the rest of you!"' 'Oh, yes,' put in the other, blushingly, 'I remember all about it! I had sixteen minds and a half about going out in the wet, but Benny was at home with his lame knee—you know he got hurt at football—and he said, "Mother, you can go just as well as not. I'll look after the babies." So I went, for I thought there would be a slim household such a rainy day, and I'd count for one anyway.' 'Just so!' nodded her friend, smiling. 'And you counted for six instead! We made just a good seatful. It was funny to see the minister's look of astonishment when we all filed in. I had the greatest mind to get up and say 'twas all your doing.'—Boston 'Congregationalist.'

Just Like God.

Little Mary was one morning reading with her mother in the New Testament, and this was one of the verses of the chapter:

'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

Stopping for a moment in the reading, the mother asked, 'Don't you think it is very wonderful?' The child, looking surprised, replied in the negative. The mother, somewhat astonished, repeated the question, to which the little daughter replied, 'Why, no, mamma. It would be wonderful if it were anybody else; but it's just like God.'

For Absent Friends.

'Holy Father, in thy mercy
Hear our anxious prayer,
Keep our loved ones now far absent
'Neath thy care.

Jesus, Saviour, let thy presence
Be their light and guide,
Keep, O, keep them, in their weakness,
At thy side.

When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.

May the joy of thy salvation
Be their strength and stay;
May they love and may they praise thee
Day by day.

Holy Spirit, let thy teaching
Sanctify their life,
Send thy grace, that they may conquer
In the strife.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God, the One in Three,
Bless them, guide them, save them, keep them
'Near to thee.'

—From the English Prayer Book.

Old Age.

It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand Oepidus, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than four-score years;
And Theophrastus at four-score and ten
Had but begun his 'Characters of Men,'
Chaucer at Woodstock, with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the 'Canterbury Tales,'
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed 'Faust' when eighty years were past.

What, then? Shall we sit idly down and say
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come: we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare,
Even the oldest trees some fruit may bear.
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away,
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

A Steadfast Mind.

Nay, never falter; no great deed is done
By falterers who ask for certainty.
No good is certain but the steadfast mind,
The undivided will to seek the good;
'Tis that compels the elements, and wrings
A human music from the indifferent air,
The greatest gift a hero leaves his race
Is to have been a hero.

—George Eliot.

Strike While the Iron is Hot.

Our Maple Leaf Campaign is going rapidly forward. Scholars are delighted with the small Union Jacks and provincial badges that we are giving as extras with the brooches and pins. Now is the time, while enthusiasm runs high, to secure a good school flag. The month's free trial subscription gives a good chance for all to appreciate the worth of our papers, two of them, anyway. The additional samples we will send on application will introduce them to 'World Wide,' and the subscription list needed to get a fine FLAG FREE, can be easily made up. Get to work at once and secure one by Dominion Day, if not sooner.

Nithburg, Ont., April 26.

John Dougall & Son,—Dear Sirs,—I received my pins and brooches in fine order, and am pleased with them. They all think the leaves are beautiful. Thanking you very much for them. Yours truly,

JOHN A. THOMPSON.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Rasmus, or the Making of a Man.

(By Julia McNair Wright.)

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CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

'Well, whatever is broke, here you'll be well taken care of, till you're mended. There's as nice a cool room as ever was, right up at the stair head, so come along and get quiet as soon as possible.'

Mr. Llewellyn did not feel very quiet. His arm was very painful, and this was a distressing check in his journey. He did not wish Rodney and Rasmus to go on without him. He was greatly interested in their fortunes; in two weeks he would be hardly able to go on, and carry his luggage alone, and he knew neither Rodney nor Rasmus were in funds to pay their board for a fortnight, and the extra tax on his own narrow means would be heavy. While he was lying, rolling his head from side to side, on his uneasy pillow, wondering what should be done, Rasmus came in, his face beaming like a full moon. Disasters seemed native air to Rasmus, and in them he thrived famously.

'Now, boss, you have done it, haven't you?' he said gaily, as he seated himself on the bedside. 'But you displayed your good judgment in finding a proper place for the fracas. Nice little hotel this—nice landlady. Rod's going to take care of you here, for two weeks, and if he don't do it well, him and me will make a settlement, to his disadvantage. I made mention to the landlady I couldn't lie round doing nothin' for two weeks, and she said a farmer right near town was in a dreadful way for extra help; and after supper I'll go strike a two weeks' bargain with him. I'll get my board, and be able to pay Rod's too. So you be easy.'

'I can pay my nurse's board, Rasmus, if you look out for yourself,' said Mr. Llewellyn.

'And I'm going to write here every evening, till I get up a letter to Miss Sally,' said Rasmus.

By the time Mr. Llewellyn could travel, this letter was written:

'Kind Miss Sally:

'This is to let you know we are all well, and hope you think about us as we do about you. —nd more is to be said some other time by your servant.

'RASMUS.'

CHAPTER XV.

The End In View.

'Ashore, ashore! weariness bringeth balm,
And tired souls thereby be doubly blessed.
Ashore, ashore! the Father, with His calm,
Granteth His toilers rest.'

Again the interrupted journey was resumed. The pockets of Rasmus rattled like castanets with fourteen dollars of wages, earned during the delay, and to this music, the thoughts of Rasmus worked upon brilliant plans for the future. The possession of an unencumbered fortune of fourteen dollars woke acquisitiveness in him. He turned on his mentor.

'Mr. Llewellyn, could a man ever save up a thousand dollars of earnings?'

'Certainly.'

'How long would it take?'

'It depends on the value of the earnings. Skilled workmen, as carpenters, joiners, plasterers, master masons, and others, who pursue valuable trades, get three or four dollars a day; so can a printer. But you, Rasmus, are in the ranks of unskilled labor. The days when you should have been at school, fitting for apprenticeship, you were allowed to run the city streets, picking up what few pennies you could. Later, when you should have been perfecting yourself in a handicraft, you have been wandering up and down the country. The most you could earn would be two dollars a day—no doubt less. But put it at that figure, board, clothes, and so on, will at least take one dollar a day; then you save at most six dollars a week. Money does not accumulate fast now at interest, for interest is low on safe investments. But let us say, that in three years, all ordinary accidents and interruptions considered, you could save up a thousand dollars.'

'Then I tell you what I'd do. I'd buy a farm, and stock it, and have a house on it all furnished, and Robin should live with me—maybe I could get some one else, too, to come keep it; and I'd have a lot of little, poor kids from the city, that never see grass, nor have any chance for themselves, and I'd give 'em a start in life.'

'A thousand dollars is quite a large sum, but it would not do all that, I think, Rasmus.

'Then I'd work six years, and make it two thousand. You see, dad, I've got used to looking a long while ahead, and to waiting for what I want.'

As the days went on, Rasmus planned more and more for the future, he seemed to take it for granted that he should surely find his lost Robin. His buoyant spirits rose, and he spent hours in explaining how he would furnish his house, and what color his cows should be, and what he would name them, and what kinds of fowls he would keep. What Robin should be and do puzzled him most. Were hump-back men ever lawyers or doctors or preachers? Would Robin be likely to write books?

Mr. Llewellyn began to fear for him, the reaction of disappointment, and encouraged him to look at the possibility of not finding Robin, and yet preparing a home, to which he might invite Sally.

On a charming August afternoon, Rodney was travelling along by himself some little time behind his two companions. They had overtaken an artist sketching in a field, and he had requested Rodney to stand for a figure in his picture. The point of meeting for six o'clock had been settled, and now Rodney was coming on by himself. Passing through a small village, he saw a familiar face at a window.

'I declare! I believe that is Ammi's youngest daughter, Miss Lucy,' he said to himself, and lifted his hat.

At once the girl left the window, and came flying down the walk to the gate. It was indeed Lucy, but looking much brighter and better than in the spring.

'O, it is really you, Rodney! I'm so glad to see you! I saw two passing a while ago that were just like Mr. Llewellyn and that funny Mr. Rasmus, but I was not quite sure. How are you all?'

'O, we are very well, and you look much better, Miss Lucy,' said Rodney.

'I feel quite different, I assure you. I have been here a month. In a week we are going to Pittsburg. Matilda married, finally, and we came here to visit her new family.'

'And—how are—all at your home, Miss Lucy?'

'Things are better there, at last. A little after you left, father had a terrible wild time, and we had to keep two men on the watch. It ended in a kind of fit, and an illness, and when he came out of that he was paralyzed, so he can't move from his chair, nor use his hands much. But his mind became much better, and he talks reasonably, and he likes to sit in a big chair and watch the road, or see the work going on; and he talks very pleasantly. So, poor mother says she is seeing better times than she has had for years. And, indeed, he is now not so different from other paralytics, and in comparison with the cage and the screaming, and the terror of being murdered, why, it is quite heavenly.'

'That's good news.'

'And my sister Louisa can now come home from the hospital, since she can live with mother without being frightened out of her life; and the doctor says the country air will be much better for her than where she is.'

'And that, too, is good.'

'It's good of its kind,' said Miss Lucy; 'but it's a poor kind. Why, here where we are, my brother-in-law's father is just my father's age, and not so well educated as my father, and started much poorer, and he's a member of legislature. and all the people round here look up to him, and he is an office-bearer in the church, and he is as fine and hearty-looking a man as one could see. And to think of my poor father, sitting crippled in his chair, and having been years like a wild beast shut in a cage! It's dreadful!'

'I wouldn't look at that side of it, seeing it will do no good,' said Rodney, philosophically. 'I'd think that now he is pretty comfortable, and that it is a good thing that he never killed anybody.' 'I suppose that is the best way,' said Miss Lucy. 'I'd like to ask you in, but my sister and the rest are off for a ride, only the lady of the house, and she has a very bad nervous headache, and our talk would disturb her. I'll tell you what I will do, I'll give you some late Pittsburg papers!'

Miss Lucy seemed to regard this as such a splendid offer, that Rodney felt that it would be discourteous to say that he did not care for Pittsburg papers, as he did not know the name of a street or person in that grimy and busy city. Miss Lucy ran back to the sitting-room for the papers, and assured Rodney that there was 'lots of reading in them.'

Having said 'good-bye,' Rodney continued his pursuit of his fellow-travellers, carrying his papers under his arm. He found his party camped in an ancient mill. The wheel was broken and motionless; no water came through the dry race; holes were in the roof, and the boarding had been ripped off in places from the sides. Some of the flooring was intact, and several great logs that had never found their way to the saws, lay across the beams. The mill had been for grist as well as for lumber, and two or three worn-out grindstones lay in the cellar, having fallen through the rotted portions of the floor. The rats had deserted their ancient haunts, but high up in the eaves pigeons and swallows lived in concord.

'Why are there so many of these ruined mills? We have seen three or four; one would think the country was going to decay,' said Rodney.

'Decay and growth have much the same initial processes,' said Mr. Llewellyn. 'The seed sown, rots and dies in the process of germination and renewed life. These deserted mills mark not the decay of trade, but trade, taking larger strides by means of steam; for several of these small and inefficient mills we have now, in some favorable locality, the great steam-mill, with all modern improvements.'

Rodney narrated his interview with Miss Lucy.

Rasmus, whose fire had now burnt down to coals, so that he could arrange for the baking of potatoes, said: 'Now, Rod, it will take a proper while for them 'taters to cook themselves to my notion. Let's hear what's in them papers while we're waiting.'

'There's nothing in them, I guess,' said Rodney, unfolding the journals, and looking them over. 'Why, yes there is! Here are some letters from a village, or town. Let me see. O, Mr. Llewellyn, do you remember our hermit, up on Chestnut Ridge?'

'Certainly, he is an old friend of mine.'

'Well, let me run this over, and tell you about it. I am glad she gave me these papers. Why, this is fine! Now, see here. It says that about four weeks ago, a party of idle fellows got on a spree there, and took a jug of whiskey to the woods, to get as drunk as they liked; and one of them got a fall, and got killed. It was near the hermit's place, and he helped the others—who were so scared they got sober—to weave a hurdle, or a kind of bier, and they carried it to town. There they set it down in the middle of the main street, and the hermit made a great speech over it, telling the people to come and see what the whiskey that they allowed did for people. The burgesses were having a meeting in the hall, and the hermit had the bier with the dead man carried there, and he made a speech to the burgesses, telling them that it was all very fine, the roadmaster looking after the highways, and leaving liquor-shops along them like pits and rocks, and wild beasts, to destroy the passers-by; and he said it was fine for the poormaster to be talking of the cheapest and best way to provide for paupers, and they licensing the shops that were mere mills to turn

out paupers; and it was gay work to keep the assessor assessing taxes, and the collector collecting them, and allow liquor to be made and sold, which created the need of over half the taxes. There was their work before them, he said: what did they think of it? A youth who might have been a useful citizen, and one of the burgesses themselves, left to drunken parents, and the streets, and to temptations to drink; and there he lay, ruined and dead, and he not much more than a boy. Then he had the men pick up the bier again, and away they went to the church, where they were having a meeting, to raise money for a new church, with a tall steeple; and in they went, and laid the dead man down before the pulpit, and the hermit spoke again, and said it was fine times to serve God with temples of brick and stone, and the human temples He chose rather for His home, were left to go to ruin. And he asked, who of the church members had tried to help or save that young man; who had fought against the saloons, and the dram-selling, resolved never to stop till they stopped? O, he went on till all the people got crying, and a minister got praying; and then they picked up the bier once more, and carried it to the saloon, and told the keeper there was his finished work come home, and what was he going to do with it? And from that, a tremendous stir about temperance, and meetings are held, and in all the villages and county school-houses round; and the hermit is speaking at all, and they call him Peter the Hermit, preaching a nineteenth century crusade, and though he was so afraid of the whiskey before, that he had to hide on the mountain, now, since he has come down to fight it, he is not afraid at all, but says all desire for it is taken out of him, and it makes him sick to think of it.'

'Really, that is great news,' said Mr. Llewellyn.

'I'd like to be there, to make a speech,' said Rasmus, who had taken great conceit of himself as an orator.

Since you can't, suppose you don't let the potatoes burn.'

'Well, I vow, Rod, I'd forgot them 'taters; but they are done just to a turn. I think myself that men ain't much good at housekeeping. Women give just the right touches to cooking, and men gets their minds occupied like, with various things, and lets things go wrong. There should be houses, and then there should be women to keep 'em.'

'And every woman should be named Sally, and have red cheeks,' asserted Rodney, boldly.

The next day, as they rambled along, Rodney discovered that the sole of his shoe was loose, and Mr. Llewellyn, finding himself limping, perceived that he had lost a boot-heel. They must therefore stop for repairs at the cobbler's, in the first village. They found the cobbler in a little shop, under a great horse-chestnut tree. The village looked quiet and thriving; the blacksmith's-shop was opposite the cobbler, and the forge glowed red. But the cobbler had a very gloomy face, and evidently took a dismal view of life. Rodney and Mr. Llewellyn, perched on two stools, sat in their stocking feet, having resigned their shoes to the man of wax-ends. Rasmus stretched himself like a big dog in the doorway.

'How's trade?' asked Rasmus the affable.

'Bad,' said the cobbler. 'I 'spect we'll all end in the poorhouse, for no man can make a living, these days. There's nothing but confusion, and riots, and strikes, from one end of the country to the other. No one is satisfied—I'm not satisfied, myself. It's nothing but sedition and trouble, and seems as if it always was going to be.'

'Seditions and troubles have been the cry these many years,' said Mr. Llewellyn. 'Lord Bacon wrote an essay about them, two hundred and fifty years ago, or thereabouts. And he makes these remarks: "The surest way to prevent seditions, if the times permit, is to take away the material of them, for if there be fuel prepared, it is hard to tell whence the spark shall come that shall set it on fire. Now, the material of seditions is of two kinds, much poverty and much discontent."'

'That's as true a word as ever was said,' replied the cobbler, 'and what are you going to do about it?'

(To be continued.)

Work and Win.

(By Lew Martson Ward, in the 'Presbyterian Witness.')

The boy who works is the boy who wins,—
The boy who finishes all he begins,
The boy who cheerfully says, 'I'll try,'
The boy who smiles when the world's awry.

The boy who shirks is the boy who fails,—
The boy who falters when work entails,
The boy who moodily whines, 'I can't,'
The boy whose vision is all aslant.

To work or to shirk, boys—which shall it be?
The paths are open, the choice is free.
'We'll work and win!' is the cry I hear,
And the poor little shirk has fled, I fear!

How She Won Happiness.

A woman, young and beautiful, but with a shadow on her face, walked aimlessly down the broad avenue. Last night she had been disappointed. She had always had every whim gratified, and the bitterness of it still rankled in her heart.

To be sure it was nothing of great import. An elegant necklace she had admired and desired to purchase had just been sold when she telephoned asking the jeweller to send it up.

Turning off the avenue, she stopped at a florist's and ordered several boxes of lovely flowers. As she started to go her eyes met those of a frail little girl who was looking with wondering eyes at the immense bunch of roses she had just ordered. In one hand something was tightly clasped. The wistful face turned to the florist, and with a quiver of the lips the child asked the price of 'just one rose.'

'Ten cents each, little one,' replied the florist.

The tears rushed to the little tot's eyes as she opened her hand displaying only two pennies, and turned to leave the room. The young lady was touched by the disappointed face, and stepping after the girl she asked her what she wanted to do with a rose. The beautiful flowers seemed out of keeping with the pitifully shabby figure of the child.

'O, Harry, he's so sick,' was the sobbing reply, 'and he begged for just one flower like we used to have out in the country. Mamma couldn't afford flowers, but I earned one cent by going to the post office for Mrs. Blake, and I sold my—my dear old dolly to Della Fry for another. And now I haven't any doll, and I can't get the flower either, and poor Harry will be so disappointed,' and the sobbing grew louder.

'Never mind, little girlie, I'll divide my roses with you. Where do you live? Just wait a minute,' and back the young lady rushed to the florist's, saying she would take a dozen of the roses with her.

Out along the street she went with the child, up a long flight of dark stairs, and into a dismally bare room, where little Harry lay on a rickety cot. A woman, the mother, old beyond her years, sat by the one window sewing feverishly, for she had no time to waste if she was to earn sufficient for their absolute wants.

The young woman stepped just inside the door, unseen by the mother and son, while the little girl ran to the bedside and placed the roses in Harry's hands.

'See, mamma, see what Harry's got; This good young lady gave them to me. Aren't they sweet?' And she danced about the room in sheer joy.

Harry's face was a study. The first look of utter astonishment gradually changed into a radiant, blissful smile, as he fondled the blossoms. Not a word or a sound—just the happy, satisfied smile. The mother sprang to her feet, and with tears and smiles battling on her face, she thanked the giver brokenly.

'Don't, please,' interrupted the young lady. 'It is nothing—nothing,' and before they could stop her she was gone.

Breathlessly she hurried home, shut herself in her room, and throwing herself on the daintily draped bed, the burning tears rushed down her cheeks. Never had she felt so little, so useless, and that innocent child had called her 'good'—she who was so selfish and wilful. Here she had been cross and hateful all day just because a bauble she had set her heart on could not be hers, though any one of hundreds equally beautiful might be.

And there in that dark room those three were fighting for life itself, and a handful of roses filled their hearts with joy.

Months have passed since that day, but the hours have never been vacant or tiresome to the young woman, for her heart opened to the humane influence which hovered around it, and not only that one small family were lifted out of the darksome life they were leading, but many others have been benefited by her efforts and a sweet appreciation of the little things has come to her as a benediction. —Michigan 'Farmer.'

Marshall Field and a Boy.

By the Boy.

In the winter of 1872-73, a boy of thirteen years of age had charge of the doll department of Field, Leiter & Co. Toward the close of the day before Christmas a fine looking gentleman inquired as to the prices and quality of certain goods at the counter, and this boy did his best to convince the gentleman that he ought to have an assortment of those dolls for Christmas presents for his little friends. Whether it was because his arguments were so strong, or that the gentleman needed the dolls, or because of his peculiar interest in the boy, the fact is, he bought quite a bill.

After the hour for closing had come a cash boy brought the boy salesman a note which called him to the office of the superintendent, where he was reprimanded severely for some little infractions of the rules during the day, and after the reprimand, the superintendent said: 'Notwithstanding these things you have attracted the attention of Mr. Field, who was here to-day. You did not know it, but the party to whom you made your last sale was Marshall Field, and he has left this envelope for you. You are not to open it until you get home, and the first Monday after the holidays you are to call at his office.'

The little fellow was very much delighted and considerably surprised. He did not wait until he got home to open that envelope, but at the first lamp-post found that it contained a new ten dollar bill, which was something of a surprise and a very welcome Christmas present, as his small salary of $3.50 a week was needed to help support a family in straitened circumstances. On Monday after the holidays the little fellow called at the office of Mr. Field. There still lingered in his ears the admonition of the superintendent to have his face clean, his fingernails trimmed and well cared for; and his condition of nerves and mind is more easily imagined than described.

Mr. Field was signing checks and told the boy to blot them as he signed them, and while this work was going on he talked with him just as though he had been a big brother or a kind uncle who was interested in his welfare; asking him all sorts of questions as to his family, his school privileges, how long he had been in the house and what he had done, and in fact showed such a knowledge of human nature that at the end of the half hour he knew all about that little boy, and looking into his face he said: 'My boy, you need more schooling; you say you have not been to school since you were nine years old, and if you stay in this store you must know something. I will send you to school the rest of this winter until May, pay your tuition and your wages, and you report every Monday morning as to your progress. You need a suit of clothes. Go and get what you want and bring the bill to me.'

To the school this boy went and stayed, until the May following. Every Monday morning he reported to Mr. Field, visited, blotted checks, and received the amount of his former wages. These weekly talks with that man are treasures in his memory, and they did not end there, for during the years since, occasionally when in the city, visits with this prince of merchants were greatly enjoyed. That little boy found later that the dry goods business did not agree with his health; so after three years of service, at the suggestion of Mr. Field, he sought other work which did not endanger his health. Thirty-two years have passed away. That boy is now a Methodist preacher, and somehow feels

that the influence of this great man's life and words, as well as practically all the schooling he has had since early boyhood, has meant for him about everything in the way of incentive and opportunity.

And this is not the only instance of this kind.

Marshall Field was a great man, great in his mercantile capacity, great in his foresightedness, great in his benefactions, but it is doubted if the stores he built, the museums he gave, or the far-reaching commercial transactions constitute the greatest of his achievements.—'Northwestern Christian Advocate.'

The Tone of the Voice.

It is not so much what you say,
As the manner in which you say it;
It is not so much the language you use,
As the tones in which you convey it.

The words may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart;
The words may be soft as the summer air,
And the tones may break the heart.

For words but come from the mind,
And grow by study and art;
But the tones leap forth from the inner self,
And reveal the state of the heart.

Whether you know it or not,
Whether you mean or care,
Gentleness, kindness, love and hate,
Envy and anger, are there.

Then, would you quarrels avoid,
And in peace and love rejoice,
Keep anger not only out of your words,
But keep it out of your voice.

—'The Youth's Companion.'

Made to Last.

Benjamin Franklin, in the midst of his labors to establish the republic on a safe and solid basis, came into his house one day and found his little daughter sewing.

'Those buttonholes, Sally,' he said, 'are good for nothing. They will not wear. If you make a buttonhole, child, make the best buttonhole possible.'

Not content with rebuking the child, he went down the street and sent up a tailor, who had orders to instruct Miss Sarah in the art of making a buttonhole properly.

A great-granddaughter of the American philosopher, a woman who has a national reputation for her inherited talents and executive ability, told this anecdote lately, adding with pride, 'Since then the Franklin family make buttonholes that will last.'

What great statesman now, employed in the formation of a nation, would observe such a seeming trifle? How many young girls of Sarah Franklin's age think it worth while, if they make a buttonhole, to make the 'best possible?'

Few men of any age have combined, as did Franklin, a broad and lofty grasp of thought with the minute attention to practical detail; but it is this very quality of thoroughness in the most trifling work which falls within one's duties, that gives to the character of the worker truth and vitality. The stone palaces of a great king, if poorly built, will crumble to pieces, but the finely cut facet of a ring will endure to delight ages. —'Round Table.'

Willing to Shovel.

Nine years ago, a young man landed at Castle Garden, New York, with a large capital in a thorough German education, and a small capital of $500 in his pocket. By the aid of the latter he expected to support himself until he could find congenial employment in which his thorough scholarly training could be of use. He had not gone far up Broadway before he was met by an engaging person, who represented himself as having unusual opportunities for investing money at large rates of interest. The young German, utterly unskilled in the devices of sharpers, placed the $500 in the hands of his unknown benefactor, and made an appointment to meet him the next day. The next day came in due course of events, but the investor failed to appear. When the young man understood that he had been defrauded, he passed through an agony of spirit which can be only known by those who undergo a similar experience; but not for a moment did he think of giving up; he fought his battle with an evil destiny and with his own inclination to despair, and then went quietly back to the Labor Agency at Castle Garden, and offered to do any kind of work.

It happened that a wealthy and benevolent New York merchant needed a ditch dug on his country place, and went that afternoon to castle Garden to employ laborers. He secured four, and among them the young German in question, who had asked for the privilege of digging a ditch, and had not thought it worth while to mention that he was a graduate of one of the most famous universities in the world. Two months the young man faithfully and uncomplainingly dug ditches in company with professional ditch-diggers. At the end of that time he happened one day to be in his employer's stable; a box was being marked for shipment to a foreign port, and the coachman, who was trying to mark it, did it in such a bungling way that the lady who was overseeing him told him to desist; the young German courteously offered his services, and performed the work so dexterously that he was asked how he came by the acquirement of writing. He stated briefly and without comment what his educational opportunities had been. That evening his employer had a little talk with him, and closed by saying, 'You'll never touch another shovel on my place.' The young German was sent into the neighboring village with fifty dollars in his pocket, directed to get a good boarding place and to hold himself in readiness to act as a teacher. His first engagement was in his employer's family. He is now an eminently successful teacher, with a large salary and the respect and confidence of the whole community in which he lives. Another story in three words: 'Willing to shovel.'—Irish Temperance Leader.'

Primitive Practical Prayers.

Some of the prayers of the South Sea Islanders, in their child-like simplicity and touching originality, are very edifying. One runs thus: Grant, O Lord, that the good words which we have heard may not be like our fine Sunday garments, which we soon take off and put in a box till Sunday comes. But let this truth be like the tatooing of our bodies, ineffaceable till death.'

In West Central Africa, the converts who have been learning lessons of personal cleanliness, side by side with higher teaching, often pray,

'O, Lord, be Thou our soap to wash away the soil of sin from the garments of our hearts.'

It is good to know that such prayers, strange as they seem to us, are as sure of reaching their destination and of achieving their end as the polished words that fall, alas! often too glibly, from other lips.

Mother Antelope's Instinct.

The manner in which the mother antelope protects her young until they are old and strong enough to join the full-grown bands in their wanderings, is an interesting and wonderful instance of Nature's providence. These beautiful creatures live in an open country infested by all kinds of enemies, and especially prowled over by the coyote, the gray wolf, and the timber wolf, which subsist upon the young of all kinds of animals; yet the mother can easily protect her babies from the fiercest of these marauders. The enemy most dreaded is the soaring eagle.

There is a variety of cactus, a prickly plant which grows in great abundance all over the Western plains, which furnishes her the means for this protection. Horses, cattle, buffalo, and, in fact, all animals know the danger of treading on this plant. It grows in large patches, some four or six inches in height above the ground, and forms a thick mat varying in breadth from the size of the top of a man's hat to many feet. It is in the centre of one of these patches that the female antelope prepares a place of safety for her young. The thorns of this cactus, while very poisonous and terribly painful to every other animal, for some reason are almost harmless to the antelope. The cactus may lacerate her legs, making them bleed freely, but neither the stickers nor their poison remain; while other animals seldom bleed, but retain the poisonous stickers in their wounds, until they become malignant sores, causing excessive swelling of the limbs, and very great and long-continued suffering.

When the antelope has selected her patch of cactus, backing away a few feet, she will make a running jump, bounding high in the air and alighting in the middle of the patch, with all four feet close together, the hoofs pointing downward. Then, springing out again and repeating this operation until she has chopped the roots of the cactus plant to pieces, she loosens and clears a space large enough for standing room. She will then enlarge it by pawing and digging with her sharp hoofs. Here she gives birth to her young in undisturbed security, knowing that she can leave them in comparative safety during the day and return to them at night to give them suck. Should it be in a locality where eagles abound, however, the mother does not venture far away, as the soaring eagle often swoops down on the young, taking them away if she is not there to do battle for their lives.—From H. H. Cross's 'How the Antelope Protects its Young,' in the March 'Century.'

Big Prey.

Students of birds are inclined to discourage the idea that eagles are in the habit of attacking large animals, but a contest witnessed by an observer, and recorded in the 'Scotsman,' dispels such theory. The battle was between an eagle and a stag.

The bird singled out from a herd one particular buck, which it succeeded in driving from the rest. It struck the animal with its powerful wings, knocked it down, and finally killed it. A still more remarkable spectacle is well authenticated. An eagle attacked a fawn in the Highlands. The cries of the little one were answered by its dam, which attacked it with its forefeet. Fawn, deer, and eagle rolled down a declivity, the bird was dislodged from its hold, and the fawn rescued.

Many traditions are extant as to the carrying off of children by eagles. The most recent case bearing close scrutiny is one which happened in South Africa. A Boer farmer whose stock had been harried by eagles lay in ambush for the robbers, and saw one of them descend and carry off the five-year-old child of one of his Kaffir servants. He shot the bird, which, with the child still clutched in its grip, fell into a thorn-bush. The bird was dead, but the child was little hurt.

Two eagles will stalk a covert in concert. While one conceals itself, the other beats about the bushes with great screaming, driving out its quarry for the hidden eagle to swoop down upon. An even more insidious method has been observed. An eagle, seeing a sheep on the edge of a precipice, flew at it, screaming shrilly, and with forceful beat of wing hurled it into the valley below, where it could devour it at leisure. In the light of such records there is good reason for believing the legend of the eagle dropping a tortoise on the bald head of Aeschylus, the Greek poet, and so causing his death.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountian Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

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LITTLE FOLKS

I sat at my window on a lovely morning; the whole air was full of the sweet notes of birds. These little warblers seemed to be praising God as they flew from tree to tree, and poured forth their sweetest songs to welcome the new day. The trees near our house are clothed with leaves; they stretch out their great arms, and here 'the birds make their nests.'

The redbreast appears to be quite at home in our garden. I fancy her to be the very same bird we watched last year with so much interest. She came one day with her mate to choose a place for their home. A high bough was fixed upon. Then a nest was made, and secured so firmly, that the little birds were safe till they could stretch their wings.

We saw how the robins watched their young when they made their first attempt to fly. We were drawn to the window one day by a cry of distress. One of the little robins had fallen, in its first effort to leave the nest, and was then hopping under the tree unable to raise its feeble wing. The parent birds darted swiftly around, filling the air with their shrill cries, while we raised the little bird, and put it back in its nest.

Who gave to our hearts a tender care for these little birds? That same kind Being who has said that not even a sparrow can fall to the ground without His notice. Who supplies food for them all the summer, and on return of cold weather leads them to seek a new home in the sunny south? Hear what the Saviour said:—

'Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?'

As you listen to the sweet notes of these little birds, think of the love and kindness of your heavenly Father, who watches over them, and consider why you are so much better than they. — 'Friendly Greetings.'

Bunny's Planting.

All the children and all their parents had gathered at the schoolhouse.

It was Arbor Day, and they had come to plant trees. There was a bit of pleasant woods only a few rods away, but the playground was bare and dusty.

Bunny peeped out of the woods and crept along on a brush fence until he came very near. He wanted to see what was going on.

The fence touched the back of the schoolhouse. From it he ventured to climb up on the corner of the house, and then along the ridgepole of the roof. From here he had a good view, keeping himself well out of sight behind the chimney.

He watched and listened. There was a great deal of planting and talking. He did not know what it was all about.

Then there was eating, and Bunny knew what that was, especially when some boys who had strayed a little way from the others dropped a few nuts.

Bunny wanted one of those nuts. Quietly he crept down, and when he thought no one was looking, made a dash for it.

But the boys caught sight of him.

He grabbed the nut, and was just ready to leap through the brush fence, where he could hide, when a new enemy came.

'Come, back, Carlo!' shouted the boys, for they did not wish to see the cunning thing caught.

How Bunny hated to drop that nut! But he had to do it. Into a little hole it went, and he had barely time to give a whisk of his tail to brush a little earth over it. Then he sped along the fence out of sight.

Late in the day it was all quiet again, and he came to look for his nut; but he could not find it. In his hurry he had forgotten where he had hidden it.

Nothing was to be found except

nutshells and a few crumbs of bread and cake. As he sat mournfully fanning himself with his tail, a robin came and perched in one of the newly planted trees.

'What's the matter?' she chirped.

'I hid a nut in the ground somewhere about here,' said Bunny. 'Then I had to run because of those great boys and dogs. They couldn't catch me, of course, for all they're forty times bigger than I. But I can't find my nut.'

'O, never mind that,' said Mrs. Robin. 'It'll grow and make a tree. This is Arbor Day. Everybody is planting trees, and now you've planted one.'

'Have I?' said Bunny.

'Of course. Plenty of things are planted very much that way. I've seen Madame Blue Jay plant beech and hazel nuts that ways.'

Bunny waved his tail, feeling very proud.

'But,' he said, 'I did want that nut.'

'Why, your great-great-grandchildren will have thousands of nuts off the tree you have planted,' said Mrs. Robin. 'Won't that be a great deal better?'

'I—s'pose so,' said Bunny, as with a—'chip, chip, chip,' Mrs. Robin flew away.—Sidney Dayre, in 'Youth's Companion.'

Why Pop Stayed Behind.

There was a little girl whose name was Silvia. Would you like to know why she was called Silvia? It was because the house where she was born was in a wood; and the Latin word 'silva' means wood.

If we had tried to make a name for her in English, we should have called her Woody, but Silvia is a much prettier name than Woody, I think.

Well, you must know that Silvia had a present of a little dog. She called him Pop, because his little sharp bark sounded to her like the popping noise made by corn when it is parched over the fire.

He was a funny little animal. One day Silvia took her doll and a small basket and went out to pick berries. Pop followed her, of course. They went more than a mile from home. But, on her way back, Silvia lost sight of Pop. She called him, but he did not come. When she got home with her berries she found that she had parted company not only with Pop, but with her doll Rose. But she did not sit down and cry over her loss. She put on her plaid shawl and started to hunt for Rose and Pop.

The birds flew around her as she walked, for she had been used to feed them with crumbs. One little sparrow seemed to think it was a hard case that she would not give him anything, for he had followed her a long way.

She said to him: 'You dear little bird! I haven't a single crumb in my pocket for you now, but I am in such a hurry that I can not go back to the house for bread. You wait till I come back, and then you shall have plenty.'

Then the sparrow flew upon a tree, and Silvia walked on and called, 'Pop! Pop! where are you, Pop! Where have you strayed to, sir? Come here, Pop.'

But for a long time no Pop made himself heard. At last, as Silvia went into a thick part of the wood, and saw the trees and bushes she had passed a short time before, she heard a little sharp voice say, 'Bow-wow-wow.'

'There he is! That's Pop!' cried she with a laugh, and, sure enough, there he was keeping guard over something in the grass. And what do you think it was? Guess once, twice, and if you do not guess right I will tell you; it was Silvia's doll, Rose.

She had dropped it there out of her basket, and Pop, like a good dog, had kept guard over it. He was too small to take it in his mouth and run home, but he did his best.

Silvia took him in her arms and praised him, then she picked up Rose and went home. She did not forget her promise to the little sparrow. She got some crumbs and fed all the birds, and they were not afraid, though Pop barked at them in a very savage manner.—'The Nursery.'

Jesus Shines In.

A poor lame girl was kept all the time in her room. It was a poor, dark room, where the sun never shone in.

A visitor once said; 'You never have any sun here, do you?'

'Oh,' she said, 'my Sun comes in at every window, and even through the cracks.'

The visitor looked surprised. Then the lame girl added, 'I mean the Sun of Righteousness. He shines here, and makes everything shine so bright.'

Does Jesus shine in your heart and home? If He does, I am sure there are love and peace there.—Olive Plants.

Thy Child.

Father, lead me day by day,
Ever in Thine own sweet way;
Teach me to be pure and true,
Show me what I ought to do.

When in danger, make me brave;
Make me know that Thou canst save;
Keep me safe by Thy dear side:
Let me in Thy love abide.

When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise and strong;
And when all alone I stand
Shield me with Thy mighty hand.

When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember Thee,—
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.

May I see the good and bright;
When they pass before my sight
May I hear the heavenly voice
When the pure and wise rejoice.

May I do the good I know,
Be Thy loving child below,
Then at last go home to Thee,
Evermore Thy child to be.
—'Child's Companion.'

The Blind Mouse.

One day while sitting under a shady maple tree by the roadside reading a book, the soft rustling sound made by the wind blowing through a field of tasseled wheat caused me to look up. To my great surprise, I saw two large field mice slowly crossing the road to the wheat field.

One mouse had his eyes tightly closed and seemed totally blind, while the other mouse was cautiously leading him along by a small stick which they both held in their mouths.—Selected.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Correspondence

N., Man.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the 'Messenger.' I am going to school every day, and like it very much. It is very cold just now. I have about half a mile to go to school. I saw a riddle in the 'Messenger:' Where is the word 'girl' used in the Bible? It is in Joel, third chapter, and the third verse. The answer to M. Nichols's riddle is a churn. I will also send one: What goes up the hill and down the hill. In spite of all yet standeth still. VERNA S. SMITH.

P. C.

Dear Editor,—This is my third letter to the 'Messenger.' I like to read the Correspondence, and am very much interested in the drawings.

I am eleven years old. We live on the shore on Bass Lake, which is a little over a mile wide in some places, and about two or three miles long. It freezes over in the winter, so that the men travel on it with safety, and we have had quite a bit of skating on it this winter. One day I skated right around it, which was quite a long skate.

In the summer we have better fun because we can go in swimming and go fishing, but the fishing was prohibited for two years because there was a number of fish put into the lake, but the fishing starts on the ninth of July this year. One day this winter, when I was out on the lake skating, I saw two foxes, but as soon as they saw me coming they ran as hard as they could to the nearest bush.

JOHNNY NELSON.

O. S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I was reading the Correspondence page, I thought I would write a letter to the page, as it is a long time since I last wrote. I get the 'Messenger' at the Baptist Sunday School here, and like it very much. I think 'Rasmus, or the Making of a Man' an excellent story.

I am a boy 14 years old, and attend the O. S. Collegiate Institute. With all my studies I have plenty of work to do in the evenings. I am in the 1st form.

Besides the school work, I intend to start to take music lessons next week. So far I have taken two quarters from two different teachers, but the quarters were far between, and to-day I apparently know nothing about music.

I have two brothers and one sister, all younger than myself.

I am a regular book-worm, and have read a great number of books. I was a member of the Public Library here for a little over a year. I am not a member now, but I can get books out of the library at the Collegiate, and there is also one at the Sunday School.

My favorite author is Henty and I have read a great number of his books, but not all. Other authors I like are: Ralph Connor, Capt. Marryat, Mayne Reid, Mark Twain, Bracebridge Hemyng, Burt L. Standish, and many others.

Some of the books we have in our house are: 'Settlers in Canada,' 'The Scalp Hunters,' 'The Cornet of Hore,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'John Halifax,' 'Lest we Forget,' 'Heroes of the North,' 'The Pillar of Fire,' 'Prince of the House of David,' 'The Man of the House,' 'The Master Hand,' 'The Lamp Lighter,' three volumes of 'Sherlock Holmes,' 'Story of the World's Worship,' and a few others.

'Lest We Forget,' is a story of the time of 'Bloody' Mary and Queen Elizabeth, and the name of the book was well chosen.

'Heroes of the North' is a story of the days of the Norsemen.

'Settlers in Canada' tells about an English family settling in Canada in the latter part of the 18th century, and is a thrilling story by Capt. Marryat.

'The Scalp Hunters' is a thrilling story about the Indians many years ago. The author is Mayne Reid.

It has been a very poor winter in this part of the country this year. To-day is just like an April spring day. There has been skating only a few times. The O. S. Juniors played W. in a game of hockey the other night. O. S. got beaten, and consequently is down and out for the championship. O. S. has been beaten in nearly all its hockey matches owing to the lack of ice and practice. They hope to make a better showing in lacrosse the coming season.

For pets my brothers and I have a pup water-spaniel, which we call 'Ned,' and five hens. I look after the hens, and my brothers look after Ned.

BERT MENZIES.

G., N. Y.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' My mamma takes the 'Messenger,' and we all like it very much.

I turn to the little folks' and correspondence page the first thing. We keep the 'Messenger' to read on Sunday. I like reading. Here are some books I have read: 'Black Beauty,' 'Little Friends,' 'Aunt Charlotte's Bible Stories,' and lots more besides. I am very much interested in the puzzles. I send in answers to three, and hope they are right. Five hundred begins it, five hundred ends it, five in the middle is seen, the first the first of all letters, the first of all figures, fill up the spaces between? Ans. David.

What is black and white and re(a)d all over? Ans. Newspaper.

What is everybody doing at the same time? Ans. Breathing.

Here is a riddle for someone to guess.
Within a marble dome confined,
Whose milk-white walls with silk are lined,
There doth a golden ball appear,
Bathed in a stream of crystal clear.
No doors or windows you behold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold?

We had very little snow until the last of February. I live in New York State. I don't see very many letters from the States.

GRACE M. BRACKETT (age 10).

B.

Dear Editor,—We can see Prince Edward Island from our house. It is very pretty here in summer, with a hard sandy beach. We bathe every day and dig clams. We also get mussels and oysters, and lots of pretty shells and stones.

There is a lobster factory near our house, which employs about sixty hands. There is also a lobster hatchery, employing nine hands, which is very interesting to watch them bring the ova from the different factories in gasoline boats to the hatchery, where it is put into glass jars, and salt water is kept running over it constantly for about ten days, when it begins to hatch. The little lobsters look like mosquitoes. They then pass through pipes into large tanks. They remain there about three weeks, then they are taken out to sea.

I saw in one of the letters the question where girl is mentioned in the Bible. It is in Joel, third chapter, third verse.

I will send one also. Where is the word pulpit mentioned in the Bible?

VESTA G. JOHNSTON (age 13).

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Birds and blossoms.' Ernie Sheldrick, G., Ont.
2. 'Zilla' (boat). Everett W. Clarke, H., Ont.
3. 'Moss rose.' Clara G. (13), D., Ont.
4. 'Monkey.' Leslie McNeil (11), U, Ont
5. 'Colt' Norman Good, C., Alta.
6. 'Pig.' John Comfort (7), F. W., N.Y.
8. 'Old Nell.' H. Sanderson (12), F., Ont.

SPRING.

Morton MacMichael (age 11.)

Hurrah for the Spring!
Hurrah, I say
For the calm and shining,
Warm Spring day.

Winter is over,
And gone is the snow,
And now we can fish,
And hunt and row.

We'll go to the meadow,
We'll go to the glen,
And see if a nest
Has been built by the wren.

Hurrah for the flowers!
Hurrah, I say,
For the sweet little flower
That blooms in May.

The violets are lovely,
They grow by the spring,
And we can hear all the swallows,
As they twitter and sing.

Then hurrah for the Spring,
The birds and the flowers,
The brooklet's gay ripple,
And the warm April showers.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy ten years old. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I enjoy reading it very much. I like the story of 'Rasmus.' I think Rodney will turn out to be his brother. We take the 'Daily Witness.' I am reading the 'Keepers of the Komatik.' We enclose fifty cents for it. I live on a farm. I go to school, and I am in the forth class. LEONARD MUNROE.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy eight years old. We live about a mile from the church, and we go nearly every Sunday. We like our minister, and he speaks five minutes to the little boys. Sometimes on Sunday mornings I go to school. I am in the second book. I have read a book about the story of Jesus. I like reading it very much. It helps me with the Sunday School lesson. I like my teacher. Where is the word tongue first used in the Bible?

GLADWIN DAVEY.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is May, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

LESSON IX.—MAY 27, 1906.

Feeding the Five Thousand.

Mark vi., 30-44.

Golden Text.

My Father giveth you the true bread from heaven.—John vi., 32.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 21.—Mark vi., 30-44.
Tuesday, May 22.—Mark vi., 41-58.
Wednesday, May 23.—John vi., 22-40.
Thursday, May 24.—John vi., 41-58.
Friday, May 25.—John vi., 59-71.
Saturday, May 26.—Matt. xiv., 13-21.
Sunday, May 27.—Matt. xvi., 22-35.

(By Davis W. Clark).

Crucial times had come. John Baptist was martyred. Prudence suggested retirement. Weariness demanded it. The retreat would also afford the apostles an opportunity to report more minutely to the Master the experiences of their trial trip, two and two, through Galilee, from which they had just returned. So the boat which had been chartered for Jesus, and 'waited upon him,' was employed to put the weary toilers beyond the reach of the multitudes that pressed upon them even at meal times. . . . Head winds probably drove the little bark near the shore, and retarded its progress. Clandestine as the departure had been, it failed of its purpose. An ever-augmenting throng hurried around the head of the lake, and probably apprised some pilgrim caravans to the Passover of the coming of the great Nazarene. So, when Jesus' boat ran its keel upon the pebbly shore, there stood five thousand men, not to mention the women and children. . . . So, far from being irritated by this foiling of His plans, Jesus's heart was touched to pity at sight of the shepherdless flock, and He began at once to instruct them in many phases of the doctrine of grace. In the absorbing interest of the theme, neither Teacher nor taught observed how the sun was dipping to the western horizon. . . . But the commissary of the apostolic college suddenly awoke to the situation. Five regiments! and no stores on hand or any country to forage upon. After some questions on Jesus' part, calculated to test His disciples' faith, but to which they responded with phenomenal obtuseness, He prepares to work what, in some respects, was His most remarkable and significant miracle. . . . The material basis of the miracle was paltry in the extreme.

'But one poor fisher's crude and scanty store,
Is all He asks (and more than needs),
Who men and angels daily feeds.'

There is a vivid descriptive touch in the Greek which does not appear in our version. Under Jesus' direction, the confused throng was resolved into the order of a French parterre. He had them sit plat-wise, so that they looked, in their high-colored garments, like veritable flower beds, with green turf intervening. . . . After the cheerful grace, which Jesus never omits, He puts a morsel of bread and fish in the hand of each apostle and sends him forth to serve. What he breaks off is larger far than that which remains. But that which remains is undiminished. And all are fed and filled. . . . As a lesson in frugality, the unused fragments are ordered to be gathered up. Each hesitating apostle holds in his hands the tangible evidence of the reality and magnitude of the miracle wrought.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Lovely evidence is here of the implicit confidence which maintained between Jesus and His apostles. They came to Him. They told Him what they had done, what they had taught. They were sure of His sympathy. If they needed correction they knew it would be done in love. . . . The eldest disciples have no monopoly, however, of Jesus' sympathy. He is touched with a feeling for us, too. We can come to Him also; to 'tell Jesus' is still the disciples' blissful recourse. . . . The same considerateness which Jesus showed for the health and comfort of His toilers He still feels for those who, in this latter day, are engaged in His service. Seasons of respite are indispensable for the highest effectiveness. A church imitates the Master when it gives an industrious pastor a vacation. It says, 'Go apart, and rest awhile.' . . . But apostles not preachers have a monopoly of Jesus' sympathy. The wideness of God's mercy is like the madness of the sea. It sweeps out to inclose all sorts and conditions of men. Jesus was as compassionate toward the five thousand as toward the Twelve. So His Saviour-heart goes out toward the great unchurched masses today. . . . Five crackers and two dried herring! Talk of feeding five thousand with them! But add to the crackers and fish the almightyness of Jesus, and the proposition ceases to be ridiculous. The resources of the church for spiritual sustenance for the thousand millions of earth are palpably inadequate until the Saviour's power and blessing are added to the equation. Then there is enough and to spare. . . . The heavenliness of this miracle is evident in its orderliness. There was no unseemly scramble, inequality, or waste. All was precision, method, order. . . . Grace at meals is one of the sweetest and most impressive services of family religion. We have Jesus' example for it. If Paul could observe it in the midst of a shipwreck, there can scarcely be a domestic emergency which would justify its omission.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 27.—Topic—John Williams, and missions to the South Seas.—Ps. xcvii., 1-12.

Junior C. E. Topic.

HOME MISSIONS.

Monday, May 21.—Following Christ's example. Acts x., 38.

Tuesday, May 22.—More blessed to give. Acts xx., 35.

Wednesday, May 23.—Offering willingly. I. Chron. xxix., 6-9.

Thursday, May 24.—As unto Christ. Matt. xxv., 34-40.

Friday, May 25.—Love thy neighbor. Lev. xix., 34.

Saturday, May 26.—The Golden Rule. Luke vi., 31.

Sunday, May 27.—Topic—Why should we help home missions? II. Cor. v., 14, 15.

The Future Teacher.

In preparing teachers for the future we should begin with the child. Three factors enter into the teacher's make-up: namely, example, instruments, and practice. We expect our children to become teachers, mechanics, musicians, or artists. To do that, we talk these accomplishments, we seek to arouse a desire for these things, and we plan for them. We often talk to the children about becoming Christians, and thus being useful. If, as we believe, our agitation has a bearing on the child's future, why will not the same effect be produced if we agitate the Sunday school teacher problem? We magnify other callings, why not the Sunday school teacher's calling? Why not train our children for a permanent institution? The child will receive an incentive to teaching if the teacher is familiar with the lesson, has mastered it, and feels it a pleasure to teach. To the child, the teacher is the embodiment of knowledge, and he who presents the lesson intelligibly will create a desire in the hearts of some scholars to be able to present the lesson likewise, and to occupy the teacher's place. The example or pattern should be good.

The second factor is ample means or helps. A teacher must be equipped. The mechanic must have good tools to do his best work. The public school teacher needs the latest magazines and methods. As these need and have the best, so must the Sunday school teacher. There is no excuse for poor preparation or lack of helps; neither will excuses nor apologies suffice. The teacher must not everlastingly complain about the hard lesson, but by the use of means and objects, master it, and so make it attractive. If the lesson is mastered and explained to the class by familiar objects, the scholars get a desire to be able to do likewise. The Sunday school teacher must use object teaching, know history, geography, biography, and the Scriptures. If the scholar can see these qualifications in the teacher, the Sunday school teaching will become attractive. Such qualifications and instruments we have in the normal course and magazines. No one can become a good teacher with poor text-books.

The third factor is practice. There must be opportunity to practice what one knows to obtain the best results. Practice qualifies; use brightens and polishes. No student who has not opportunity to teach what he knows can be a good teacher. Every one who looks toward teaching in the Sunday school should have an opportunity to develop the power and talent of teaching.

Institutes and conventions should be attended; reading, correspondence, and every means possible should be employed to better prepare ourselves. Teachers should keep ahead of the classes, and lead them. Every teacher should leave worthy successors in his stead to take up the work after he lays it down. Thus we prepare teachers for the future.—P. H. Schell, in 'Religious Telescope.'

Our personality is not a closed circuit. It dips deep into God. It is rooted in him, as the tree is rooted in the soil. That which comes up from within is none the less from him than that which comes down from above.—Willard B. Thorp.

NEW 'MESSENGER' STORY COUPON.

We have been most fortunate in securing 'Saint Cecilia of the Court,' the new Serial Story that has just finished running in the 'S.S. Times' and was so much appreciated and talked about. The Sunday School teachers who have read it will agree with us that it is just the best possible kind of story for the 'Messenger', and one that will be long remembered. It will run for about **three** months during which such of your friends who have never taken the 'Messenger' may unite to form a club of three or more at **TEN** cents each.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS that have not been taking the 'Messenger' may have it while the story runs at the rate of **FIVE** cents per scholar in quantities of ten or more.

PLEASE SHOW this to your Minister, Superintendent or some other friend.

Messrs.
John Dougall & Son,
Publishers,
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Dear Sirs:—
I have not been taking the 'Northern Messenger' nor has it been coming to my home for over a year. I would like to take it on trial for three months beginning with the first issue of the new serial entitled "St. Cecilia."

Name of new Subscriber.....

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Success.

'With Comrade Duty, in the dark or day,
To follow Truth—wherever it may lead;
To hate all meanness, cowardice or greed;
To look for beauty under common clay;
Our brothers' burdens sharing, when they weep,
But, if we fail, to bear defeat alone;
To live in hearts that loved us, when we're gone
Beyond the twilight (till the morning break) to sleep.
That is success.'

—Selected.

Signs of Progress.

Whilst we hear now and again from ill-informed friends, or from yet more ignorant opponents, that the temperance cause is not advancing we see the signs of progress on every side. It is not to be forgotten that our cause can advance and grow in strength only as the truth is known. The fatal misconception that alcoholic liquors were needful to the human body was deep-seated. It has been difficult to displace, and no doubt it lingers still in some. But as the result of experiment, investigation, and above all experience, it has become certified beyond all gainsaying that alcohol is the foe of health, and that total abstinence leads to longevity and to much else that is good. And the certified truth is being made known. Very wisely, greater care is being taken to instruct the youth in the truths of temperance. Take in illustration the Temperance Syllabus issued by the Board of Education for the guidance and use of teachers in the schools of England. Their Lordships have not told the teachers simply to teach temperance—they have defined the temperance to be taught. And the temperance defined is good. Granted that there is something about 'drinking too much,' as if there were a quantity that may be safely taken, still the counsels given are on the right side, and the facts supplied are bound to be helpful. How some of the early heroes of our movement would have rejoiced could they have seen such a syllabus issued by Governmental authority. Take such a lesson as this—'A gallon of beer contains not much more nourishment than a lump of sugar.' Fancy that being the authorized teaching of the day, and yet people speak of no progress! That lesson will go far to upset the delusion that beer is both food and drink. In England especially ignorant people drink beer because they think it is food. Their children are being better taught. Here is another approved lesson—'Beer, therefore, is very dangerous. Spirits, such as gin, whiskey, and brandy, are far more dangerous than beer.' Could 'extreme' temperance men go further than to say that beer is 'very dangerous,' and that spirits are far more dangerous? Here is another gem—'Beer and spirits are always bad for children.' Here is another, showing wherein much of the danger of alcohol lies—'There is another point that everyone ought to remember about beer and drinks of this kind. The more you drink the more you want to drink.' The teaching is sound. The history of every drunkard confirms it. But the Board of Education members do not content themselves with pointing out the dire personal effects of drink. They teach and they ask that it shall be taught everywhere in our schools, how through the drinking of some, others are hurt. Here, for example, is a paragraph that might have been reported from a speech of a temperance orator':—

'Everybody knows that apart from the risk of disease, people who drink too much beer and spirits are likely to become slovenly, to lose control of their good character, and to neglect their duty. Regular employment and wages are lost, so that many others who depend on those wages for their home and living, will suffer in addition to those who actually drink.' If we were disposed to be hypercritical we might discount the opening words of the paragraph. Everybody does not know the fact set forth, for there are some people who had never thought on the subject. They have really no knowledge at all, because they have no true thought.

But the number of such is speedily learning, and under such teaching in our schools the diminishing process will go still more rapidly on. And facts being what the paragraph sets forth, the conclusion of the Board of Education is as obviously sound as it is helpful.

'For all these reasons, beer, spirits, or wine are by far the most dangerous things that people are ever likely to drink.' It is well and truly said. The axe, verily, is being laid at the root of the upas tree that has supplied such deadly fruit for so long. Speed the spreading light—harbinger of the time when the words of the Master in relation to a better life shall be verified in relation to the evil of drinking:—'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.'—The 'Temperance Leader.'

Why I Don't Drink.

(By T. H. Lawson).

You ask me, friend, why I do not drink with you; why I do not quaff the sparkling beverage that leaps and dances from your cut-glass bottles into the shining crystal goblet upon your bar. Although in these few words I cannot give you all the reasons why I do not drink—for reason always says: 'Touch not the serpent of the still, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder'—but I will give you enough reasons to faithfully answer your question.

Know, then, that I am a drunkard's boy. Measure, if you can, the heartache and sorrow I have felt, and still feel, over this sad fact. The education and home comforts that I needed to get me for a useful life have been denied me by this same prolific cause of ignorance and poverty.

I have a mother—a good, kind, Christian mother, God bless her!—who was a drunkard's wife, and who, when the hand that should have guided our little home barque was unsteady from the effects of strong drink, has taken the helm herself, and through the storms, and rocks, and shoals, has kept a steady course for heaven. Measure, if you can, the heartache of that wife and mother, as she has watched the one who promised to love and protect her go downward, step by step, until he stepped into a drunkard's untimely grave, and she was left a drunkard's widow with seven fatherless children to care for. Measure, if you can, the feelings of that wife and family. Let me give you one incident.

In the State of Iowa, one cold, bleak winter's day mother was taken suddenly and seriously ill. Father was away a couple of miles at work. He was a brick mason and plasterer, and a good one, too. My eldest sister was then a child of twelve years of age, and there were four children younger than she in the family. Time came for father to return from his work, but he did not come. It grew dark, and still no signs of his coming. One of those Iowa blizzards began to blow, and soon the air was filled with blinding snow and sleet. Time flew on. Eight o'clock, and still he did not come. The storm grows more fierce, and mother tosses upon her bed, and wonders if in the morning some one kicking through the drifting snow will not find the frozen body of husband and father, a lifeless piece of clay. The hours rush by. Ten o'clock, and still he does not come. Finally Emily decides to face the storm, and see if she cannot find him in the saloons. She wraps a shawl over her head and shoulders, and starts out to face the blinding storm. She reaches the saloon and pushes open the door, and to the saloon-keeper says:

'Please, sir, is my papa here?'

'No, child, go home; your father is not here,' is the reply she receives from all. Wearily she plods her way home again, almost perishing with cold, and says: 'Mamma, I could not find him.' She then throws herself upon the floor near the fire and falls into a fitful sleep. About midnight father comes home drunk. He sees the little one lying upon the floor, and, staggering to her, says:

'Why, Emily, darling, why are you lying here?'

'And in her sleep the little lips move, and this prayer goes up to God:

Oh, Jesus, don't let my papa drink any more.'

Ah, measure, if you can, the sorrow of that child that made her old before she was young, and ask me why I, her brother, do not drink!

This is not an extraordinary experience. They are all around us. Drink robs the home of happiness. It plucks the roses from the cheeks of wives, and paints the white lilies of death in their place. It robs childhood of its joys, youth of its virtue, manhood of its strength, and old age of its glory. It makes the good man bad, the rich man poor, and the wise man a fool. It blights everything it touches. The man who sells liquor sells that which causes crime, poverty, insanity and sickness. That is why I do not drink. Oh, man, why do you drink? There is help for you. The loving Saviour invites you to Himself. He is able to save you and give you back your lost manhood. He is able to save to the uttermost all that come to Him. Oh, hear His voice before liquor has blighted your prospects forever! Turn to Christ now, and He will help you.

Liquor sellers and drinkers, please take these words kindly. They are offered in honesty of purpose. Receive them honestly, and 'Escape for thy life.'

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.—Isaiah lv., 1.

'That Sobered Me.'

A gentleman high in commercial circles in a western city was relating some of his experiences to a group of friends. 'I think,' said he, 'the most singular thing that ever happened to me was in Hawaii. My father was a missionary in those islands, and I was born there. I came away at an early age, however, and most of my life has been spent in this country; but when I was a young man—and a rather tough young man, too, I might say—I went back there once on a visit. The first thing I did was to drink more than I should have done. While I was in this condition, an old man, a native, persuaded me to go home with him. He took me into his house, bathed my head, gave me some strong coffee, and talked soothingly and kindly to me.

'"Old man," I said, "what are you doing all this to me for?"

'"Well," he answered me, "I'll tell you. The best friend I ever had was a white man and an American. I was a poor drunkard. He made a man of me, and, I hope, a Christian. All I am or ever hope to be I owe to him. Whenever I see an American in your condition, I feel like doing all I can for him on account of what that man did for me."

'This is a little better English than he used, but it is the substance of it. "Who was it?" I asked.

'"Mr. Blank, a missionary."

'"God of mercy!" I said. "He was my father!"

'Gentlemen, that sobered me—and, I hope, made a man of me. It is certain that whatever I am to-day I owe to that poor old Sandwich Islander.'—Selected.

The 'good man' with bad habits is far more dangerous to our growing youth than the bad man with bad habits.—J. V. Irish.

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HOUSEHOLD.

A Memory.

The fire upon the hearth is low,
  And there is stillness everywhere:
Like troubled spirits, here and there
The firelight shadows fluttering go.
And as the shadows round me creep,
  A childish treble breaks the gloom,
  And softly from a farther room
Comes, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'

And somehow with that little prayer,
  And that sweet treble in my ears,
  My thought goes back to distant years
And lingers with a dear one there;
Again I hear the child's Amen,
  My mother's face comes back to me;
  Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hands again.

O, for an hour in that dear place!
  O, for the peace of that dear time!
  O, for that childish trust sublime!
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet as the shadows round me creep,
  I do not seem to be alone—
  Sweet magic of that treble tone—
And 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'

—Eugene Field.

Imitation and Satisfaction.

(Milford W. Foshay, in the Michigan 'Christian Advocate.')

Mrs. Lindsay looked round the room with a critical eye. Everything was neat and clean, but there was no denying that the carpet was worn and the furniture rubbed. The room had a homelike look, it is true, but it had been a long time since a new piece of furniture had been brought to the house. Sickness and a strike at the factory had made it impossible to do more than get along as best they could with the necessary expenses, without adding either to comforts or appearances.

'I don't know whether to call or not,' she said to herself, doubtfully. 'I always have called on everybody who came to that house, but no one ever before moved in who had such good things. I'd almost be ashamed to have her return my call.'

However, she did call, and found in Mrs. Stewart a pleasant addition to her acquaintance. But she felt a trifle uneasy. It was as she supposed from her observation of the furniture van. All the appointments of the home were far superior to her own, and after it was over she doubted if she had done wisely in going. How could she ever have Mrs. Stewart come into her plain room—shabby, she called it?

She brooded over the matter for a day or two, and then spoke to her husband about it.

'Don't you think we could afford a new rug, Henry?' she asked, timidly, because she knew that, although he might wish to please her, he was taxed to keep out of debt. 'Or a new piece of furniture,' she added, knowing that would appeal more strongly to him, 'to brighten things up a little?'

'I don't know,' he answered, slowly, glancing at the different objects. 'The stuff might be brighter, of course, but if you don't really need it, I hardly know where the money would come from. I shall have all I can do to meet my insurance this month.'

It is wonderful how expenses can be twisted and turned to cut down a little here and do without a little there, when one's heart is really set on saving a few dollars for a special purpose! The way was contrived, and before Mrs. Stewart called, Mrs. Lindsay went down town to a furniture store with six dollars to see what kind of a rocking chair she could find. She found plenty from two and a half to seven, but none of them looked very much like those at Mrs. Stewart's.

She asked to look at something better. The dealer took her to another floor, and there she saw the same class of goods that Mrs. Stewart had. But when she priced them her heart sank. The chairs ran from twelve as the very cheapest up to—well, she just caught her breath. She went down to the other floor, and selected the best bargain she could find for six dollars and ordered it sent.

When it arrived, she was not at all satisfied. While it made the rest look older in contrast, some of those old pieces were of superior quality, and seemed to resent the society of the cheap, new-fangled sort. Mrs. Lindsay did not know exactly what was the matter, but she felt the lack of harmony without understanding that this was the trouble.

'Well, I can't help it!' she said, desperately. 'She'll see that it's new, anyway. If she doesn't like my home she needn't call again.'

But this independence was only assumed. She felt dissatisfied, and heartily wished that her home looked like Mrs. Stewart's. When that lady called, if she noticed any difference in the homes she certainly did not show it, but made herself entirely agreeable in every way. Mrs. Lindsay had always had pleasant neighbors in that house, and was glad to believe that this was to be no exception; but she had seen the son and daughter once or twice, and wondered whether or not they would associate with hers—they were so differently dressed.

A few evenings later, George Stewart came over to see her Frank about some school work, for they were in the same grade. Mrs. Lindsay's children were well brought up, and, not being hampered by thoughts of any difference in his dress and that of George, Frank made him welcome with the true fraternity of boys. When the visitor took leave he expressed his appreciation of the 'jolly good time' he had had. Then he turned to Alice and said:

'Nell wants you to come over to-morrow. She has something to show you.'

When the children retired for the night, Mrs. Lindsay had a serious conversation with her husband.

'Henry,' she said, in a way that secured his attention, 'I like to have George and Nellie Stewart with Frank and Alice. They are well behaved, and—and—'there was a little hesitation in her speech and a slight flush on her cheek—'and they are in a little higher station in life than we are, so I think it will do the children good to be with them.'

'Well?' Mr. Lindsay queried, knowing that these words were only an introduction.

'Did you notice how much better dressed George was than Frank?'

'Yes, of course. His father can afford it.'

'Well,' and he saw his wife's mouth close firmly. 'I want my children to be as well dressed as those they go with. I know Alice will not be nearly as well dressed as Nellie, when she goes over to-morrow.'

'She'll be just as neat and clean, and certainly as good looking,' Mr. Lindsay responded, with some resentment in his voice.

'Yes, but—' and then she was silent for a minute or two. 'The children's clothes must be a little better,' she finally added, firmly.

'Now, look here,' Sarah, her husband returned, in a voice that was the conclusion of argument with him, 'I don't believe it will make one particle of difference with the Stewarts how our children are dressed, so long as they have good manners and are neat and clean. If it does, their friendship isn't worth having.'

'Oh, you think that "neat and clean" is all that is necessary, but I know that Frank and Alice will soon be left out if they don't have something better to wear.'

'I make just so much money and no more,' Mr. Lindsay answered. 'There are certain expenses which must be met, and you have the management of the balance. Do what you think best with it,' and he turned away.

Mrs. Lindsay set herself to the task of gathering a fund for the better clothing of her children. A nickle and a dime and a dollar here and there slowly accumulated until she was ready to make some purchases. When these were made to the best advantage and with the use of every cent, she was more dissatisfied than ever. Somehow, when her boy and girl were with George and Nellie Stewart, the contrast in the clothes appeared greater than when they had the old ones on. Although the goods were new and fresh, they lacked the quality, and consequently the trim style of the garments of the Stewarts. They looked coarser than they really were, in the eyes of the anxious mother, and the fact that they were new proclaimed the truth that no better grade could be afforded.

At this time, while Mrs. Lindsay was more unhappy than she had been for years, a sister-in-law came to pay a month's visit. She was a woman of practical and independent mind, and she had not been in the home a week until the instructions she heard the mother give to her children, and the allusions she made to the quality of the Stewart childrens' clothes revealed the situation very plainly. By showing her interest and offering a few suggestions, she was soon the recipient of Mrs. Lindsay's point of view.

'Sarah,' she said one day, when there was a good opportunity, 'you are unhappier than I have seen you for years, and I've discovered the reason. Do you want to know it?'

'I ought to want to,' was the reply, given without looking up, and with the air of one who might say, 'I suppose I could find it out myself, if I should try.'

'Yes. You are trying to do what you can't do, and what there's no use in doing, anyway,' her sister declared bluntly.

'Go on, sis. You're interesting,' Mrs. Lindsay remarked, in a hard tone.

'Oh, if you are going to be offended, I haven't a word to say,' was the quick retort. 'But, Sarah, I don't like to see you unhappy,' and there was so much genuine sympathy in the kind voice that Mrs. Lindsay was overcome.

'I wish you would go on,' she replied, and her head bent lower over her work. 'I have been very unhappy, and I think I know the reason, but I want to hear it from some one else.'

'And there isn't the least need in the world for you to be!' her sister declared in a firm way. 'Your neighbors, the Stewarts, are as nice people as I ever saw, and instead of enjoying them you are keeping yourself miserable trying to imitate them. Were you able to live in their style and dress as they do, if you wanted to imitate them it would be silly enough, but it might not make you especially unhappy. But now you are only able to do a very cheap imitation—in fact, it isn't an imitation at all, only an attempt—and your failure keeps your nerves rasped up all the time. Mrs. Stewart thinks less of you for it—and she can see your attempt, depend upon it—and would much rather you would be just yourself.'

'I have known what I am doing, for a long time,' Mrs. Lindsay replied, in a relieved tone at the opportunity to discuss her burden. 'But I did so want Frank and Alice to go with these children, and I was afraid they couldn't unless they were as well dressed.'

'Well, and if they couldn't? Was it worth ruining your home about? If the Stewart children didn't like Frank and Alice as they were dressed, always neat and clean, I am sure they wouldn't for the sake of a few new garments—especially when they are not in their class in garments, anyhow.

'I tell you, Sarah, a whole lot of people are making themselves miserable trying to imitate others,' and her sister spoke very

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positively. 'You know that I get around more than you do, and I see it everywhere. No one who once sets out to do this is satisfied. In the nature of the case they cannot be, for they never know what they may have to do next. Somebody else is leading them. Imitation and satisfaction cannot go hand in hand. Live your own life according to what you can afford to do, and save your means for comforts and the real benefit of your children instead of for show. I have noticed that when people are independent in that way, they receive far more respect than when they try to live beyond their means for the sake of show. And it's a wretched way to bring up children. They see through what you are about, in short order, and it has a tendency to make them vain and deceitful. You have two lovely children, and I hope you will let them be satisfied with just what they have.'

Special Notice.

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Religious Notes.

Two hundred and fifty thousand pounds is being raised to endow the homes which Dr. Barnardo founded. He sacrificed his life to aid homeless children, working for twenty years without salary. 20,000 pounds are already promised.

Mr. William Baker, who succeeds Dr. Barnardo, was born in 1849. As a boy he attended the Protestant Church at Bansha, and has still his first Bible, given him in 1854. At Trinity College, Dublin, he was a prize and honor man. He has the same spirit as his predecessor.

The Separation between Church and State in France has given rise to riots in Paris and some other towns, which have accompanied the official attempt to inventory church property, with a view to its legal transference to the religious associations for which the law provides. Such disturbances were not strange; but the ease with which, generally, they have been put down, proves how far the new law has behind it public opinion, and that the separation is likely to be permanent.

Full details of the distressing instance of mob violence in Lienchou, South China, have now been received. From these reports it is clear that the missionaries were in no way to blame for the attack made on them. Dr. Machle removed a toy cannon which was on the mission premises, but later returned it to the priests of the temple. They had built, for idolatrous purposes, a shed which encroached on the mission property, thus breaking a contract previously made. Some ruffians excited the crowd with tales of sacrilege, and by showing a skeleton as evidence of how missionaries treat Chinese patients. The mission property was destroyed, and all but two of the missionaries were murdered. An official investigation is being made, and already volunteers have come forward to fill the places of those who have given their lives for China.

Very much land yet remains to be possessed. Of the 19,000 counties in China, fully 14,000 have no missionary or regular Gospel work being done in them.

In 1895 there were Organized Student Missionary movements in North America and Great Britain. Ten years ago in all the world there were not more than 2,000 students enrolled in mission study classes. During the past year there have been over 11,000.

Prior to 1895 about 960 student volunteers had gone out to the foreign mission fields under the regular missionary societies, and most of these had gone from the United States. Since that time the number of sailed volunteers from North America and Europe has increased to 3,500.

Equally encouraging is the fact that an even greater number of students who are not volunteers and who are planning to spend their lives in Christian countries have been led by the student movements to feel a like burden of responsibility for promoting the success of the foreign missionary movement. The old antithesis between the claims of the home and foreign fields is rapidly disappearing under the influence of the work and example of the Federation, which regards and treats the world as a unit.

Among all the encouragements of recent years none have been greater than the growth of missionary spirit among the students in non-Christian countries. The students of Asia and Africa within 10 years have changed from being mere spectators of the sending of missionaries from older Christian lands into direct participants in the evangelization of their own and of other peoples.

—'Missionary Review of the World.'

There is no mystery whatever about happiness. Put in the right ingredients, and it must come out. 'He that abideth in me . . . bringeth forth much fruit;' and bringing forth much fruit is happiness. The infallible recipe for happiness, then, is to do good; and the infallible recipe for doing good is to abide in Christ. —Drummond.

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THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'